

Bullied To Love by Amal A. Usman Chapter 4

I wake up to the sound of my alarm. I look for the phone on the nightstand and switch off the alarm. I get up from my bed using all the strength I have and walk straight to the bathroom to get ready for today's trip. I have a good feeling that it's going to be fun.

Once done in the bathroom, I walk over to my closet to pick what to wear. I am wearing a black sweater, storm grey jeans, black flat shoes and a matching handbag with my shades on top. I love travelling comfortably. I walk downstairs to make breakfast for mama. I will have to break the news to her that I am going to the one place she has forbidden me to go. I don't know the reason why, but I pray she won't be upset.

I step into the kitchen and get the ingredients from the cupboard. I mix flour, egg and milk with a little sugar. I set the frying pan to start the pancakes, when mama walks downstairs looking like the happiest person in the world. She pecks me on both cheeks before she sits down and asks me the one question that I have been preparing myself for, so she won't have 'my head' this morning.

"Why is there a suitcase in the middle of my hallway?" Mama says while sitting on one of the stools in the kitchen.

"Mama, I was going to tell you yesterday but by the time I got back you were sleeping. I am going on a business trip this morning."

"If I may ask, where are you going to?"

"Mama, I am going to Sicily. I know you forbade me from going to Sicily for reasons only known to you. But mama yesterday I got paid % 5000 and if I continue working at the company I can make enough money for your surgery. I don't want to risk having a fight with my boss,

so please, I am begging you to allow me to go to Sicily, please.” I say pleading with my eyes.

“I was going to say you can’t go, but the look on your face shows you won’t take no for an answer. So, you can go to Sicily, but please my love, come back in one piece.”

“I will, thank you so much. You won’t regret it. I love you,” I say while I peck mama on both cheeks.

“I hope I don’t regret it and I love you too.”

I sit on the sofa while I wait for Enzo to arrive. I pick up my phone to check some things that are happening in the world. I check E-News to see the latest gossip, only to see the headline is a picture of my boss and me! It says: ‘Mr Lorenzo Costanzo looked handsome with his beautiful date. We are yet to discover her name or anything about her.’

Oh my God! Enzo is going to be pissed if he sees this after what he said in the car last night. He made it clear that he won’t ever want to be in a relationship with someone like me. I have to think of a way to make sure he does not see this.

I hear a knock on the door. I get up to open the door to see Enzo on my doorstep with a smirk planted on his face.

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“Good morning, Bella.”

“Good morning, sir,” I say, wishing he did not look as handsome as he does. He is wearing a white b***on-up shirt with a few top b***ons open, grey trousers and brown shoes and his shades on. Looking as s**y as ever. It would be so much easier for me not to have this attraction to him.

“Are you ready, Bella?”

“Yes, I am. Come in while I get my bag, then we can be on our way.” I say walking inside with so many thoughts in my head. Worried how this trip is going to be, and if he is going to be kind to me or will he give me so much paperwork that I won’t be able to see anything of Sicily while we are there. I hope it’s the former.

I walk into the living room to see mama and Enzo talking and laughing. They look like they have known each other for a long time, which seems weird to me.

“Mama, I am going now. Bye, I love you, make sure not to stress yourself too much and take your drugs.” I say while I kiss her cheeks before I walk out the door with Enzo.

We step outside and get into his white Range Rover. While we are on the way to the airport, I pick up my book to read to keep myself busy before we get to the airport. I am getting to the interesting part of the book when I hear someone calling my name. They bring me back from my preoccupation.

“What are you reading that is so interesting that I have to call your name three times.”

“Huh”

“Don’t huh me. You have to tell me what this book is about because it seems to have your full attention.” Enzo says, confusing me a bit by his sudden interest.

“Oh, what I am reading. It’s a novel, and the name is: ‘Love Finds You. ‘Do you want to know what is happening in it?’ I wonder why he is

asking. Since when does he care what I do? I contemplate discussing it with him to see what it feels like to have a conversation with him.

“Sure, why not. It seems like that’s the only thing you care about right now.”

“It’s a novel about a man who is madly in love with a woman, but he does not know how to express his feelings. The reason is that when he was younger he watched his father kill his mother in front of him. So ever since then he never believed in love until he met her. He has a tough time showing his feelings, but when he shows it, he shows it in a very romantic way, it’s so cute.” I say feeling very excited while talking about the book.

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I am about to tell him about the part I am reading when the car comes to a halt. I look out to see a big beautiful plane. I step out to see the biggest plane I have ever seen in my life. Even though the only time I had ever seen a plane was when mama and I travelled to Spain to visit my grandparents. That plane was nothing like what is in front of me.

“Wow, it’s ma**ive, do you own it?”

“Yes, I do, with five others.” He says smirking.

“Come on, let’s get in.” Enzo says leading the way into the plane.

“Wow, I am guessing there is a lot about you I don’t know.”

“There are so many things about me you don’t know, and I have no desire of telling you. Please, could you stop staring and get inside the plane so we can be on our way,” he says like it’s a regular thing for someone to own five private planes.

We get on the plane. I get a seat close to the windows and put on my seat belt because he says we are already late and have to be on our way right away. It does not give me enough time to look around, but from what I saw before I sat down the plane is beautiful. Once we take off I fix my seat in a way to make it very comfortable for me to continue my book.

“You have not finished the story you were telling me in the car,” he says as I am about to open the book to continue.

“Oh, as I was saying in the car. Right now, where I am in the book is where they are going to do... you know...” I tell him as my voice begins to fade because I just realised I am reading the part where they have s**. I can't say that to him. I feel so awkward talking about that type of stuff, especially with my boss.

“What is, ‘they are going to do you know...’ What is happening in the book, it sounds very interesting? I would like it if you could tell me more clearly.” Enzo says. I think to myself, how am I going to say to Enzo they are about to have s**. Then I think I am just going to say it. After all, we are adults.

“They are about to have their first time together,” I say it in a way which I feel sounds reasonably like s**. But it seems Enzo wants me to say out the words, the way his eyebrows are raised up, waiting for me to give him a better answer.

“They are about to have s**,” I say boldly. The look on Enzo's face makes me want to laugh, but I think it's best if I don't. I don't think it will be good for me to laugh at my boss.

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“Oh, that’s nice, once you are through tell me what happens next,” He says as he looks at me as if it’s weird to read books that have s** in it. He continues to read something on his laptop acting like nothing happened.

After reading four chapters my eyes start to become heavy. I decide to rest my eyes before we land in Sicily. I close my eyes and I fall into a heavy sleep and I don’t wake up till we arrive.

I sleep for what seems like hours. I wake up to find myself in a room. I get down from the bed wondering where in God’s name I am. I look around and see a door, I walk to it and find out it’s a bathroom. I see another door, I walk to it and open it. I see him sitting on a chair doing something on his laptop. It clicks in my brain that I am still on the plane and have been carried into a room. Embarra**ing, but at least I got some sleep without hurting my back. I am wondering who moved me. I hope it’s not Enzo.

“Bella, you are up; that’s good. Now come and sit down because we are landing in the next few minutes,” he says as I am about to close the door and go back inside the room to sleep some more.

He does not even ask me how my sleep was or if I am hungry. What kind of human being is he? Oh, I forgot, he is the Devil himself, an a**hole. I thought we were starting to get along, but I guess I am wrong.

I pretend like he’s not there and take a seat and put on my seatbelt.

We land on Italian soil thirty minutes later. We are on our way to our hotel, but he says we have to stop by the office. A meeting just came up which he can’t move up to tomorrow.

I have been waiting for what feels like hours since we got to the office. He entered a room, and he has not come out in 2 hours, but with me being tired it feels more like 4 hours. I can't wait for him to get out.

I hear voices and see people walking out of the room he entered, when my eyes land on someone I have known all my life and have missed. The only guy who has ever made me feel like I was not a single child. My best friend and my brother from another mother.

"William!" I say while opening my hands wide to hug him and tell him how much I missed him.